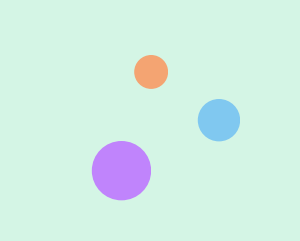
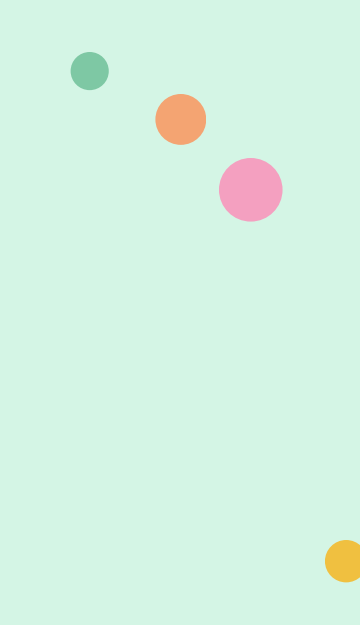
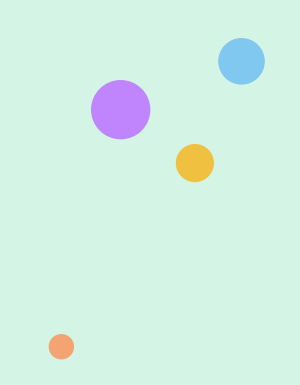


Joey's Colorful World



A Story by Arortiz





Dedication

*For every child who finds beauty in order
and for every parent who learns to see the
world through their eyes.*

This one is for you, Joey.





For every Joey in the world!
Welcome to Joey's World!

Joey sees things a little differently than
most. of all of life's colors, he loves them the
most!

A paintbrush in hand and a smile so bright,
He fills up his canvas with pure delight!



So come along now, there's so much to see
in Joey's colorful world, wild and free!

Turn the page and let's go, to see what color
it will be?



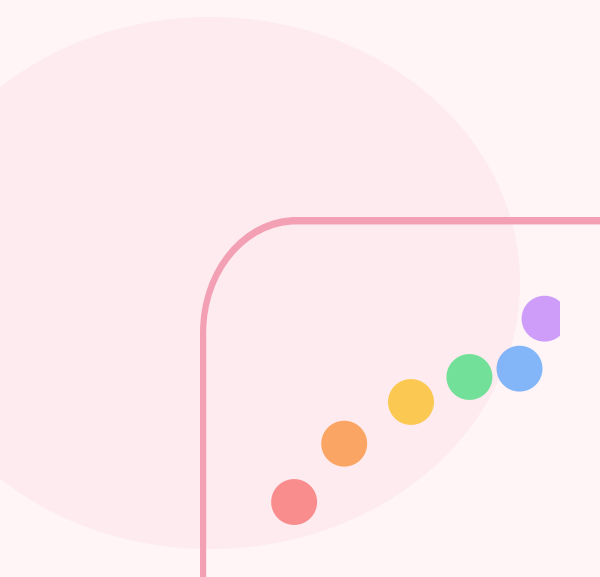


Joey loved fruits just like he loved planets,
every color had its own perfect place. Red
apples, yellow bananas, orange oranges too,
and purple grapes lined up with style and
grace!

He arranged them all slowly, one by one
with care, each one exactly where it
belonged. And when everything sat in its
perfectly right spot, Joey's heart felt calm,
happy, and strong.

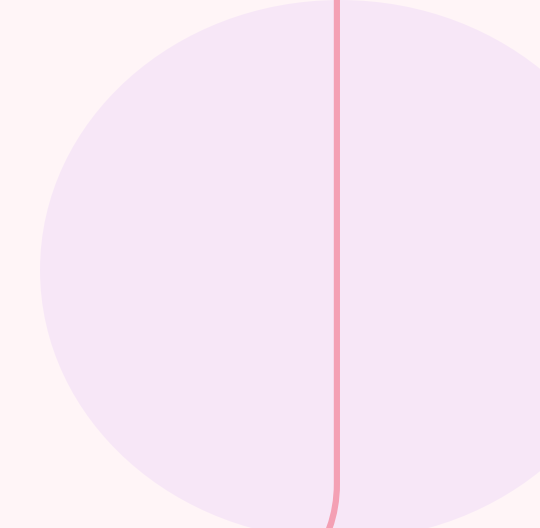






The world made sense when Joey painted, the world made perfect sense. Mom set up his painting corner, bright colors and all, a big white canvas waiting just for him. Joey picked up his brush and smiled his big smile.

He painted each fruit on a colorful whim! Every fruit in its place, just like planets in space. The world made perfect sense when Joey painted. His brush moved so carefully, slowly, just right, A masterpiece born, not the least bit fainted!







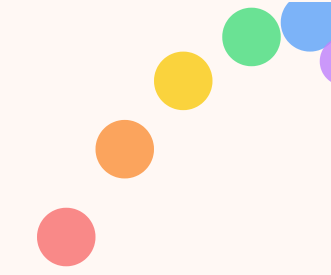
Then Rosy came in with her newest
drawing to show, She bumped the table
ever so soft. The fruits rolled and tumbled
and jumbled all around, Red with purple!
Orange sent aloft!

Joey dropped his brush. His eyes went big
and wide. His perfect colorful world was all
wrong. Everything mixed up, nothing where
it should be. The colors that once felt so
good, now felt so wrong.



Joey's heart beat fast, like a drum in his chest.
He sat on the floor and rocked to and from. His
hands covered his eyes; everything felt too loud,
even the quiet felt like too much to know.
The lights felt brighter than they did before,
The ticking clock echoed across the room.
His thoughts swirled around like leaves in a
storm,
Filling his small heart with worry and gloom.





The room felt too big and the colors too bright.
Nothing felt calm, nothing felt right. Joey
needed his world back in order again, His fruits
and his planets, his color and light.

As if the world wasn't already spinning, the
dog knocked over the planets, leaving them
scattered all across the floor. The soft clatter
made Joey flinch, the chaos around him
matching the storm inside.







Then Grandma came in and sat right by his side. She didn't try fixing a single thing there, she told him “Breathe here with me.”. She just hummed his favorite soft gentle song and filled up the room with her love and her care.

Slowly Joey's breathing grew quieter and calm. Slowly his hands floated gently back down. Grandmother's song was like sunshine and warmth, Turning his upside-down world right side round.

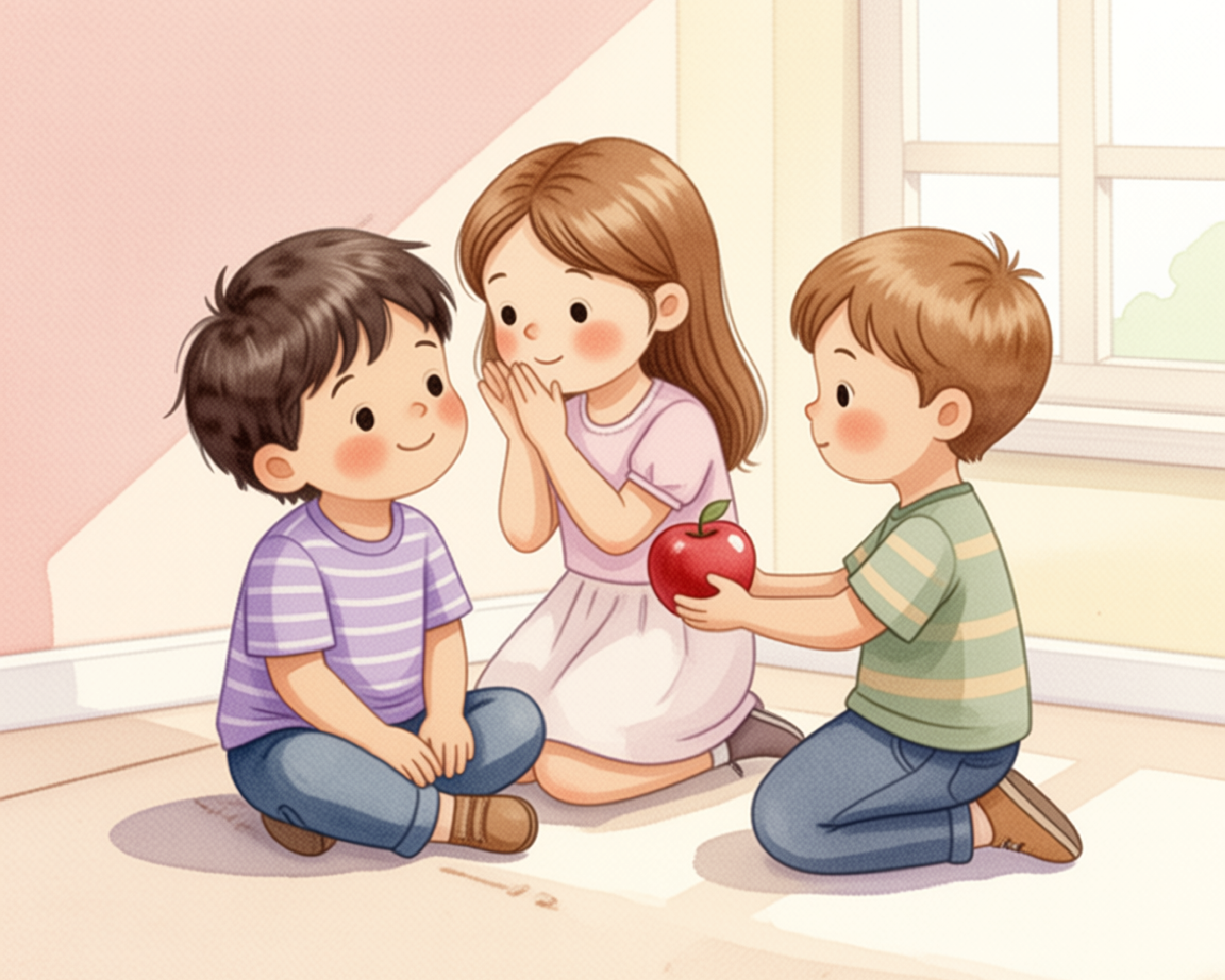


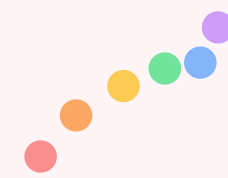


Can we help? Rosy whispered so soft and so low, Bobby held out the red apple bright. Joey looked up slowly and reached out his hand, and placed it back gently, just right.

Rosy and Bobby stayed quietly beside him, Patient and calm, giving space for his feelings to fill.







The banana. The orange. The grapes,
purple-bright, one by one, piece by piece,
everything fell into place. His colorful
world was coming back home, filled with
order and beauty and grace.

He lined them up carefully, steady and
slow,

Each color and shape was where it
needed to be.

The buzzing inside him grew softer and
smaller,

And his heart finally fluttered more
peacefully.



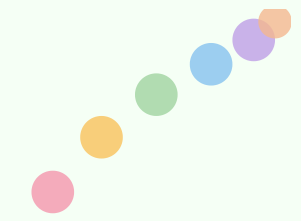




Joey finished his painting, each color just
so, Mom hung it up proudly right there
on the wall. Next to his planets all
perfectly lined, Two colorful worlds,
most beautiful of all!

He stood back and smiled at everything
he'd made, His planets, his fruits, his two
worlds shining bright. He reached up and
held onto Grandmother's hand, and
everything felt just perfectly right.





Joey's colorful world was here to stay.

Beautiful, bright, and perfectly okay!





A celebration of unique minds and vibrant imaginations.
For every child who colors outside the lines;
and every parent who learns to love it.

This story was inspired by one of my grandchildren, who adores planets and loves drawing fruits in every color imaginable. I wrote it for every child on the autism spectrum who connects with the world in their own wonderful way just like Joey, and for the families who love them.